Elma’s Overstuffed Odyssey

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Part 1: Dragon’s Departure

Elma waddled out of the conference room, uncomfortably full from the office party's buffet. Under the fluorescent lights of the empty hallway, she paused to catch her breath. Her normally trim figure was hidden behind a powerful perception-blocking spell – a bit of dragon magic that disguised her true form from human eyes at the best of times but was now working at double capacity. In reality, her blouse was stretched taut over a great, distended belly, swollen from innumerable helpings of snacks and cake. The waistband of her office skirt dug deeply into soft flesh, and she could feel the fabric straining with each step.

"No one can see how fat I've gotten… thank goodness," she thought, cheeks flushing in private shame as she pressed an unsteady hand against the heavy curve of her stomach.

Elma's gluttonous appetite was infamous, even among dragonkind, and tonight she had outdone herself.

'Why did I eat so much?"' she berated herself silently. "'I look like I'm nine months pregnant with a food baby."

Her belly gurgled in protest – a mixture of contentment and overstuffed pain – as she shuffled toward the elevator. Each step made her overfilled tummy quiver under her blouse, and she winced at the sensation of her skirt's zipper threatening to give way. She activated a subtle reinforcement spell to keep the garment in one piece.

"Just hold together until I get home… please,"' she pleaded internally to her straining clothes, patting her bulging midsection. The elevator doors opened and she squeezed in, grateful to be alone so late at night.

As she exited the building into the cool night air, Elma took a deep breath to steady herself. Night in the city greeted her with a myriad of smells and sounds.

Unfortunately for her, many of those smells were food.

The scent of fried chicken from a nearby convenience store and the sweet aroma wafting from a street vendor's taiyaki stand hit her like an ambush. Elma's round belly gave an involuntary rumble of interest despite being full to the brim. She knew she should head straight home. She had promised herself that after the party she wouldn't indulge further – she was already so stuffed that each breath felt shallow, her blouse practically painted on her bloated middle. Unfortunately, her dragon senses were keen and the temptation in the air was strong. It felt as though the city itself were challenging her resolve, laying out one culinary trap after another on her odyssey home.

“Keep walking. Ignore it. You’ve had enough,” she told herself firmly, clutching her purse and hastening her pace. Her thick thighs rubbed together with each step, the added padding from tonight’s feast already making her stride awkward. Even under the illusion of normalcy, she could feel the true breadth of her hips swaying heavily. She tried to focus: the train station was only a few blocks away. “You can make it. Just get to the station and–“

“Fresh taiyaki! Custard or red bean, still hot!” a vendor’s call cut through her thoughts.

Elma froze, a bead of sweat trickling down her temple. The vendor’s cart was right by the station entrance, and a small line of people were buying the fish-shaped cakes. The golden crust and steaming sweet filling were visible even from a distance. Elma’s nose twitched as the heavenly scent curled into her nostrils. Her resolve wavered, feet slowing.

“Just one… no, you’re full!” her mind screamed. But her stomach – traitorous dragon that it was – growled eagerly, hunger rekindling at the mere idea of more treats. The internal battle raged as she sidled closer to the stand almost against her will.

Her internal monologue was frantic: “‘I shouldn’t… I really shouldn’t. I’m bursting at the seams… But it smells so good! Maybe just one, for the road?”’

She rationalized feverishly, imagining the taste of sweet custard filling.

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‘One taiyaki won’t hurt. They’re small… well, kind of small.”

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Before she fully realized it, Elma found herself at the cart with a cheery vendor smiling at her.

“Late night snack?” he asked. She nodded weakly, unable to form words, and held up a finger.

“One custard taiyaki… please.” Her voice came out in a whispery rush of anticipation.

In minutes she had a warm custard-filled cake in hand. The first bite was divine – the creamy filling and soft dough drawing a muffled moan of pleasure from her. It was as though her taste buds hijacked her common sense. The temptation had claimed its first victory over her self-control. Elma devoured the taiyaki rapidly, licking custard off her lips. As soon as it was gone, regret set in: her stomach, which had momentarily been tricked into thinking it was hungry, now protested painfully at the new excess. She groaned softly and wrapped an arm around her expanded middle, which somehow felt even tighter than before.

“I’ve really done it now… I can barely move,” she lamented.

To make matters worse, a second taiyaki – a free extra from the kindly vendor for being the “last customer of the night” – sat in her other hand. Elma’s eyes widened at the unexpected bonus. “Oh… n-no, I couldn’t possibly—” she tried to refuse, but the vendor had already closed up,

waving off her concern. The smell of the second pastry tempted her anew. In the end, Elma couldn't resist and polished off that one too, her gluttonous appetite overriding her logic entirely. Now she was truly overstuffed, far beyond even her usual limits.

Her belly was rock-hard and domed, jutting out against her blouse with such force that she feared the buttons might launch off like bullets. She stood by the station entrance, both hands on the upper curve of her stomach, rubbing it gingerly in an attempt to soothe the ache of overindulgence. The fullness was almost unbearable; even her stretchy illusion magic couldn't ease the physical tightness under her clothes. If she tried to bend at all, she felt like she might burst. Elma realized she needed drastic action if she was going to continue her journey.

Glancing around to make sure no one was watching, she discreetly performed another bit of dragon magic – this one an accelerated digestion spell. A soft warmth blossomed in her belly as the spell took effect. The relief was gradual but blissful: her overpacked stomach began to process the feast at supernatural speed. Within minutes, the painful pressure eased. Her taut, food-filled belly slowly softened and shrank down from its spherical bloat. Elma sighed, closing her eyes at the sensation of tightness melting away. However, that relief came at a price – all those rapidly digested calories didn't just vanish. They settled heavily onto her body as new fat.

Under her clothes (and still hidden by the perception-blocking spell), Elma felt her figure plump further. The softness of her midsection didn't go away; it merely changed. Her belly, once hard with undigested food, was now softer, heavier, and doughier, pressing against the waistband of her skirt with renewed force. Thick love-handles formed at her sides, the plush flesh threatening to spill over the skirt's edges. She bit her lip as her hips widened another inch or two, thighs thickening until the hem of her skirt rode up uncomfortably over their expanded curves. There was a faint pop – a stitch giving way somewhere in her skirt's side seam. Elma's heart skipped a beat, and she quickly smoothed her hands over the area, renewing the illusion so any damage wouldn't be visible. This is getting dangerous… she thought, both thrilled and worried by just how fat she was getting. The dragon in her purred with contentment at storing so many calories, but the practical woman in her knew she had to be more careful.

With her stomach now relatively emptier (and body much heavier), Elma straightened up and resumed her trek. She could walk a bit easier without feeling like an overfilled balloon, but now every motion reminded her of the extra weight she carried. Her thighs brushed more prominently, and her gait had a subtle waddle. Even her arms felt a tad plumper, the sleeves of her blazer now squeezing her soft upper arms. At least no one can see it, she consoled herself, tugging her jacket down over the slight tear in her skirt. With a final regretful glance at the closed taiyaki stand, Elma entered the station, bracing herself for the next leg of her journey home.

Part 2: The Last Train

Elma's next challenge appeared almost immediately: the ticket gate turnstiles. She swiped her train pass and tried to stride through normally, but her invisible girth had other plans. With a dull

thud, her hip bumped against one side of the turnstile. The gate's sensor beeped angrily as the mechanical arms closed too early, smacking into her unseen belly.

"Oof!" Elma gasped, stumbling back.

To the few onlookers, it appeared as if the slim office lady had misjudged the gate for no reason. A couple of salarymen gave her puzzled looks. Elma laughed nervously and rubbed the back of her head.

"S-sorry! I'm just a bit clumsy," she murmured, face burning red. She could feel sweat beading on her forehead from the brief exertion and embarrassment.

Gathering herself, she turned sideways and sucked in her gut – a futile gesture given how massive her belly truly was under the illusion. Still, she tried again. This time, she shuffled through at an angle, pressing her soft belly and hips through with careful slowness. The turnstile barely accommodated her broad form (even if no one else could see it, she could certainly feel it). Once through, she exhaled in relief. The gates slid closed behind her with a decisive click, as if annoyed at her for being difficult.

Elma hurried to the platform, heart still pounding. That small ordeal left her a bit winded; she realized with a start that she was breathing heavier than normal. Her fitness – never stellar to begin with – was rapidly declining as her body packed on more and more pounds tonight. She tugged at her collar, trying to let in some cool air. The station wasn't hot, but her face felt flushed.

"Calm down. You're fine. Just avoid any more… incidents."

She wiped a bit of perspiration from her brow and fanned herself with her train pass.

The platform was mostly quiet at this late hour. As she waited for the next train, Elma's eyes wandered to a nearby poster advertisement featuring a heaping bowl of ramen, the image so vivid she could almost smell the rich broth. Her stomach – now partially empty after the accelerated digestion – twisted with renewed hunger. She tore her gaze away, only for another temptation to catch her eye: a vending machine glowing in the corner, stocked with colorful snacks and drinks. One item in particular made her perk up – a limited-edition sweet milk tea, accompanied by a picture of a fluffy cream bun on the label. The impulsive craving hit her like a freight train.

"A sweet drink would be perfect right now…" she rationalized. "My throat is dry from all that food. And maybe just one little snack…"

Before she knew it, she was in front of the machine, fingers trembling as she fed coins into it. A chilled can of sweet milk tea thudded into the slot, and she retrieved it eagerly. Next, a pack of chocolate-filled cookies, then a bag of potato chips – the cute character mascots on the packaging somehow convinced her they needed to come along. By the time the train's arrival was announced, Elma had a small armload of treats.

“Oh no… what am I doing?” she whispered to herself as she boarded the train. “I was supposed to stop! Not buy a whole convenience store’s worth of snacks!”

Luckily the train car was nearly empty. Elma plopped herself onto a bench seat with a weary sigh. The moment she sat, she realized her mistake – her wide hips and ample backside spread across more than one seat. In fact, she practically covered three whole seats with her expansive rear and thick thighs, even if the illusion showed a modest single-occupancy shadow. The seats’ metal armrests pressed uncomfortably into her soft flesh on either side. She squirmed, trying to make herself smaller to no avail. If another passenger tried to sit “next” to her, they’d either end up partly in her lap or be very confused by an invisible obstruction. Mortified at the thought, Elma quickly slid to the far end of the three-seat row and placed her work bag pointedly on the middle seat. To onlookers, it just looked like she didn’t want anyone next to her – a fairly normal stance for a tired commuter. Better safe than sorry, she thought, blushing at the absurdity of secretly taking up an entire row with her hidden bulk.

As the train rumbled out of the station, Elma’s eyes darted around. No one was paying her any special attention. A couple of dozing passengers, a businessman scrolling on his phone at the other end of the car – none could see the overfed dragon girl practically oozing out of her tight office attire. She finally allowed herself to relax a little. The day’s events and her overindulgence were catching up to her; she felt both exhausted and peckish at the same time. The opened bag of chocolate cookies in her hand caught her attention.

“Might as well…” she reasoned and popped one into her mouth.

The rich chocolate spread over her tongue, and in no time she was munching absentmindedly, one cookie after another.

By the time the train reached the next stop, Elma had finished the cookies and moved on to sipping her creamy milk tea. With each taste of sugar, she felt a comforting happiness that momentarily overshadowed the embarrassment of her situation. Food was her solace, after all, and the events of the night had been stressful on her self-control. As she drained the last of the sweet tea, she realized all the snacks were gone – even the bag of chips, which she barely remembered eating. Only crinkled wrappers remained, tucked hastily into her purse.

Elma's stomach gurgled again, a mix of satisfaction and the onset of uncomfortable fullness. In the quiet car, the sound was loud enough that the businessman looked up briefly, wondering if the train engine was acting up. Elma coughed and patted her belly to quiet it.

"I did it again…" she thought miserably. She could feel the weight of the snacks sitting on top of the previous food. Her belly pushed hard against her skirt and blouse once more, an insistent round ball demanding relief. A familiar tightness returned; even breathing deeply was getting hard as her abdomen swelled. The earlier digestion spell had given her some capacity, but she'd promptly filled it up again.

She checked that no one nearby was watching and quickly muttered the digestion spell under her breath for the second time. The effect was quicker now – perhaps her body was eagerly embracing more fuel. Warmth coursed through her middle, and the heavy lump of food started to dissolve. She bit her lip, suppressing a groan as a wave of tingling heat spread to her limbs. The fullness receded once more, and in its wake came the now-familiar expansion of her curves. Elma's hips creaked against the armrest as they widened another notch. With a muffled clack, the strained clasp of her skirt's waistband finally gave up – it popped open under her blazer, the elastic of her panties now the only thing containing her bloated middle. Thankfully her jacket and the illusion kept this hidden, but she felt the cool air on a strip of belly now exposed where her blouse had ridden up. Thigh flesh bulged out freely without the skirt's oppressive hold, flowing to occupy even more of the bench. Her plump backside surged, and she actually lifted slightly as her butt expanded further into the cushion; it was as if she were sitting on an increasingly overstuffed pillow made of her own flesh.

Elma's cheeks burned in a mix of embarrassment and secret delight at the sensation of growing heavier.

"This is insane… I'm enormous!" she thought.

Yet, paradoxically, she also felt hungrier than ever. The accelerated metabolism stoked her appetite each time; her body craving more to replace what it had burned so quickly. She closed her eyes, trying to ignore the hollow ache of renewed hunger. Her uniform was in shambles beneath the mirage of normalcy – skirt open, blouse untucked and missing a button that had pinged off (invisibly) during her last spurt of growth. She prayed no one would notice the faint sounds of straining fabric coming from her direction.

The train ride seemed endless. Every jostle of the carriage made her soft body wobble. Elma was hyper-aware of how much space she took up. A young woman boarded and walked over, eyeing the “empty” spot two seats over from Elma’s slim illusion. Elma tensed, feeling her vast hip already occupying that space. Before the lady could attempt to sit, Elma blurted out, “Um, s-sorry! I… I have a lot of luggage!” She patted the invisible area of her massive thighs as if it were a bag, giving a strained, apologetic smile. The woman blinked in confusion, not seeing any luggage – but perhaps thinking Elma just wanted privacy – and moved on to another seat. Elma exhaled in relief, slumping back against the window. That was close. Her heart pounded at the near-discovery.

At long last, her stop arrived. Elma heaved herself up from the bench with effort. She had to grab the pole for balance as a sudden shift in her weight nearly made her stumble. Standing was becoming harder; her knees protested under the hundreds of pounds she now carried on her widened frame. She waddled out onto the platform, thankful no one else got off here. It was a short walk to her apartment building from the station, but even that felt like a marathon now. The late-night air was cool on her sweaty skin, but Elma barely noticed as she lumbered forward. Each step made her belly jiggle beneath her blazer, and her thighs perpetually brushed. She was breathing heavily, totally out of shape after the night’s continuous feasting and magical weight gains.

Despite the discomfort, her stomach growled quietly. The exertion of walking combined with two rounds of accelerated digestion had left her famished yet again. It was an absurd cycle – the more she ate to ease her hunger, the more her magic made her hungry anew. A part of her wondered if this was some kind of karmic punishment for her gluttony. Another part of her (the louder part, unfortunately) was already fantasizing about what snacks might be in her pantry at home.

“I think I have some donuts left… or did I eat those?” she mused, trudging along. She tried to push those thoughts away. “No, no more. Just water and bed. That’s it.” She had to stop this spiral, or by morning she might well be the size of an actual dragon again! The thought almost made her laugh – a dragon in truth, hiding as a human whale of her own making.

Finally, she reached her apartment building. To her dismay, a sign on the front door read: “Elevator Out of Order – Under Maintenance.” Elma’s face fell.

“You’ve got to be kidding…” she muttered.

She lived on the fourth floor – not terribly high under normal circumstances, but in her current state it might as well be a mountain. She nudged open the door to the stairwell and gazed upward at the steep flights of stairs. The fluorescent light hummed, and a single flight of stairs stared back down at her like an adversary.

“In all my centuries of life, defeated by stairs,” Elma thought with a grim humor. Steeling herself, she gripped the railing and began her ascent. Each step was an ordeal. Her knees wobbled as she lifted her bulk up one step, then another. Her breathing turned into labored huffs, echoing in

the empty stairwell. Sweat dripped down her back; her blazer quickly became stifling, so she shrugged it off, pausing on a landing to drape it over her arm. Beneath, her blouse was utterly skin-tight, riding up to reveal a sliver of pale belly fat at the bottom. She tugged it down, but with her expansive gut, it refused to stay. Thank goodness no one's here to see, she thought, mortified but too tired to truly care.

By the second floor, her thighs and calves burned from exertion. Her chest heaved as she gulped air. The jiggling of her own fat with every movement was relentless, throwing off her balance. A particularly large belly wobble caused her to misjudge a step, and she nearly fell forward – catching herself at the last second on the railing. Elma stood still for a moment, heart hammering, both from the near fall and from how terribly out-of-breath she was. Her face was completely flushed, hair damp with sweat. She could feel her stomach growling again, as if the exercise was stoking the furnace of her appetite. It was the cruelest irony: the harder it was to move, the more her body craved fuel.

"Dragons above," she swore under her breath, "I'm starving… again!"

That realization made her both despairing and a little excited. If she was starving, that meant… perhaps one more small meal?

"No! Stop it, Elma," she scolded herself. "Just get home and collapse."

She resolved not to eat anything else tonight. Perhaps if she went straight to sleep, she could escape the hunger. Yes, sleep was the best plan. With renewed determination – and a grumbling tummy undermining it – Elma lumbered up the remaining flights of stairs. At last, sweaty and sore, she reached her apartment door. She fumbled with her keys, practically whimpering in relief. Home at last. Little did she know, her greatest temptation was waiting just beyond the threshold.

Part 3: The Final Temptation

Elma opened the door and squeezed inside, flicking on the light. She kicked off her heels with a sigh, relishing the relief on her swollen feet. Her apartment was modest and dark, save for the kitchen where… her eyes widened. There, on the kitchen table, sat a massive mountain of cream buns – fluffy pastries filled with sweet cream, stacked in a tempting pyramid and drizzled with honey. Atop the heap was a note in neat handwriting: "For Elma – I thought you might like these. Enjoy! :) – Tohru."

Elma's heart skipped a beat. This had to be a trap – or a prank. Tohru knew cream buns (her beloved cream bread treats) were Elma's ultimate weakness. The two dragons had an ongoing friendly rivalry, and it would be just like Tohru to test Elma's self-control in such a devious (and delicious) way. Elma's mouth watered instantly at the sight. The heavenly smell of fresh pastry and vanilla cream filled her apartment, far stronger and closer than any of the temptations on her journey home. It was as if every instance of willpower she had managed earlier was

meaningless now. Her dragon instincts roared within her: a hoard of treasured sweets lay before her, and dragons never could resist hoarding treasures.

“No… no, this is too much,” Elma whispered to herself, even as she took an involuntary step towards the table. “She’s mocking me. Tohru’s definitely mocking me.”

A flash of anger and pride flared in Elma’s chest. Was she so predictable that Tohru assumed she’d gobble these up? She straightened, steeling herself.

“I’ll show her. I won’t give in.”

Elma’s stomach, however, undermined her heroic stance with a loud, plaintive growl. The scent of the cream buns overwhelmed her senses. Her knees felt weak (and not just from the stairs). She licked her lips unconsciously. Each bun was perfectly golden, oozing cream from the sides… The memory of tasting cream bread for the first time – how she practically saw paradise in that moment – came rushing back.

“Elma, you don’t have to eat them,” she told herself firmly, placing her hands on the table as if to push away. But her fingers drummed anxiously on the wood. Every fiber of her being longed to devour those pastries. She could imagine the cream on her tongue, the sugar giving her a rush of bliss. A shudder of anticipation ran through her body. Tohru’s note might as well have been a siren’s song, daring her to indulge.

Finally, Elma snapped.

“Oh, to hell with it!” she cried out to the empty room.

In a flash, she dropped her illusion altogether – no need for it in the privacy of her home. Instantly, her true form was revealed: a hugely obese woman, buttons missing and clothes tattered from containing so much bulk. Her massive belly surged forward now unobstructed by magic, rounding out in front of her like a prize-winning pumpkin. The top three buttons of her blouse had popped off earlier, exposing deep cleavage and the upper slope of her tummy. The remaining buttons strained valiantly over her midriff, but gaps showed plenty of pillowy flesh. Her skirt had unzipped itself entirely; it hung crookedly around her wide hips, having split at the side. The fabric was hopelessly wedged around her immense backside, and as she moved, another seam gave way with a riiip, causing the skirt to slide to the floor around her ankles. Elma didn’t even flinch. Dressed now in little more than a torn blouse and stretched underwear, she lunged at the mountain of cream buns with unbridled enthusiasm.

She seized the first cream-filled bun with both hands and shoved it into her mouth, cream smearing the corners of her lips. A deep, guttural moan of pleasure escaped her as the sweet flavor hit her tongue. This was pure bliss – this was heaven. All pretense of restraint vanished. Elma ate like a dragon unleashed, scarcely finishing one bun before grabbing the next. Cream and crumbs smeared on her cheeks and chin as she gorged. She didn't even bother to sit; she stood by the table, belly pressed against the edge, filling herself with pastry after pastry. Her belly, already huge, began to swell further outwards with each bun consumed, inching closer to the table as it expanded.

Within minutes, a sizable dent appeared in the cream bun mountain. Elma slowed only to breathe, her breaths coming hot and heavy. She swallowed mouthful after mouthful of rich cream and dough, feeling her stomach stretch beyond anything it had contained earlier tonight. An outside observer might have thought it physically impossible for a person to hold so much, but Elma was no ordinary person – she was a dragon in human form, with a dragon's capacity (and then some) for her treasure. And right now, food was her treasure.

As her gut ballooned outward, Elma leaned more of her weight on the table, the wood creaking under her hefty frame. Her thighs thickened further, plumping outward until they pressed against the dining chairs nearby, shoving them aside. Her breasts, too, heavy and full from weight gain, squished onto the table as she bent over to grab more buns from the far side of the pile. She felt fabric strain and snap – her blouse was splitting down the sides now, unable to contain the

growing softness within. With a shrug, Elma tore it open, buttons pinging off into the abyss of her messy apartment. She exhaled in relief as her expanding belly surged free of its last constraint, slapping down heavily against the table with a wobble. Now clad only in her overstretched bra and panties (both digging into her generous flesh), she continued to stuff herself shamelessly.

One dozen cream buns became two dozen, and still Elma ate. Her magic-fueled metabolism dutifully tried to keep up, digesting rapidly to make room. She'd periodically channel a pulse of magic to speed it along even more, desperate to keep the feast going. Each time she did, a wave of warmth coursed through her and in its wake her body blossomed larger. Her belly would briefly ease its tight fullness as the food within was turned to fat, only to swell anew as she crammed in more pastries. The cycle of glut and grow repeated over and over. Elma's figure blew up like a giant doughy balloon. Her thighs became tree-trunk thick, spreading across the tiled floor; eventually her knees were forced apart by her own girth and she had to widen her stance. Her hips widened so much that her poor panties, straining at their limits, snapped at the sides and fell away, leaving her belly apron and broad hips bare. She merely huffed and stepped out of them, entirely beyond caring.

Her skin glowed pink, flushed from exertion and the almost sensual joy of indulgence. Sweat made her hair cling to her forehead, and crumbs dotted her ample cleavage and belly. She was a gluttonous goddess in that moment, single-minded in pursuit of satiation. The table that once stood at her waist level was now pressing into the underside of her gigantic belly, lifting it slightly; such was its size that it reached the table's edge even with her standing a foot away.

By the time Elma finally slowed, the mountain of buns had been reduced to a few lone pieces at the base. The rest had found a new home on her body. Elma staggered back with a deeply satisfied groan, hugely round and heavy. Her belly jutted out in front of her like an enormous dome, tight and sloshing with cream and dough. It dominated her form, a globe of indulgence, stretch marks silvery on the taut skin. Her hands instinctively cradled its sides as she backed up, until her hips bumped into the kitchen counter behind her. With another groan, she slid down to the floor, too bloated to stand any longer. She landed on her well-padded rear; the impact sent a ripple through her oceans of fat.

Elma leaned her head back against the cabinets, panting. Her breathing was shallow, not just from exertion but because her stomach was pushing up into her diaphragm. She felt utterly stuffed, more than ever before – an almost immobilizing fullness. And yet, as she glanced to the side, she saw one last cream bun sitting on a plate that had fallen off the stack. A fond smile curved on her cream-smeared lips. Can't leave a soldier behind, she mused dreamily. With one chubby arm, she reached over, grabbed the final bun, and slowly, blissfully nibbled it down. It was a far cry from her frenzied eating earlier – now she was savoring every bite, drawing out the last bit of pleasure from this grand feast.

As the final morsel descended into her stretched belly, Elma felt a wave of contentment wash over her. She had done it – she'd given in completely, and it felt marvelous. Tohru's challenge (for it surely was that) had been answered in the most gluttonous way possible. Elma chuckled

softly to herself, imagining Tohru's smug face. "Alright, you win this time," she murmured aloud, patting the crest of her swollen tummy. It sloshed in response, gurgling happily.

Her entire body was achingly heavy now. Her limbs were thick and plush, her arms resting on the dome of her belly as she closed her eyes for a moment. The cool kitchen tile against her back was a relief to her overheated, overfed form. She knew she should probably get up and at least crawl to bed, but that seemed impossible right now. Instead, she let her mind drift. In a daze of sugar and fat, she thought about how tomorrow would go.

"I'll have to be careful… maybe stay home until I can magically work some of this off… Kobayashi can't see me like this…"

Her thoughts were slow and hazy. Perhaps she could use a long weekend and just diet (she mentally cringed at the word) or rather, sleep this off.

But that was a problem for future Elma. Right now, she was deliriously happy in her indulgence. A yawn escaped her as she rubbed circles on her taut belly, which was settling into a more permanent softness as her last digestion spell finally finished. Hundreds upon hundreds of pounds of warmth and softness surrounded her, cushioning her like a living pillow. She shifted, feeling her thighs—now as big around as beer kegs— press against each other snugly, and her flabby hips touched both cabinet and fridge on either side of the narrow kitchen. She truly took up an enormous amount of space; the thought was both ridiculous and satisfying.

Elma's eyelids grew heavy. She let herself slide down a bit more, ending in a half-lying position on the floor. I'll clean up in the morning… she thought lazily, eyeing the disaster of wrappers, crumbs, and discarded clothing that was her apartment now. As she drifted off, the last thing on her mind (aside from a vague hope that Tohru wouldn't barge in unannounced) was a sense of prideful accomplishment. In a twisted way, this journey – this epic odyssey of temptation – had been won. Every challenge had been met with mouth agape. Every temptation had been conquered by consumption. And here she was at the end: victorious, in the most Elma way possible, atop a metaphorical mountain of sweets.

With a contented sigh, Elma allowed sleep to overtake her, cradled by her own softness. The night was quiet, save for the gentle snores of the overfed dragon girl and the occasional gurgle of her overtaxed belly. Had the poets of old borne witness to her now, their tales of her consumption this night would surely have been legendary.

By dawn, golden light peeked through the curtains, illuminating the scene of utter gluttony. Elma snoozed peacefully amidst the aftermath, her form vastly fatter than it had been the evening before. She would eventually awaken, groggy and still stuffed, perhaps a little regretful, but undeniably satisfied. And maybe – just maybe – she'd find the strength and willpower to start a diet… right after breakfast, of course.